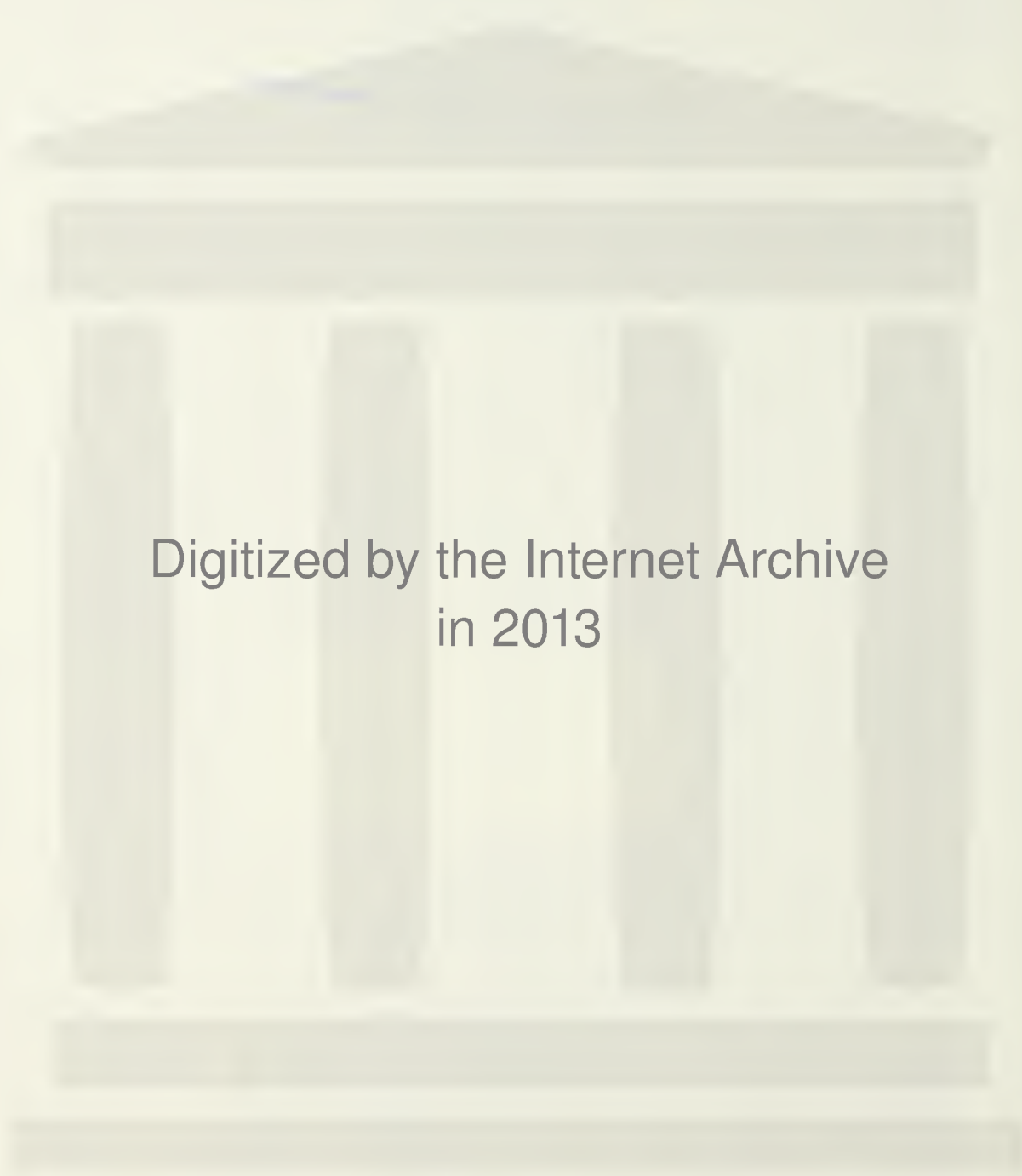


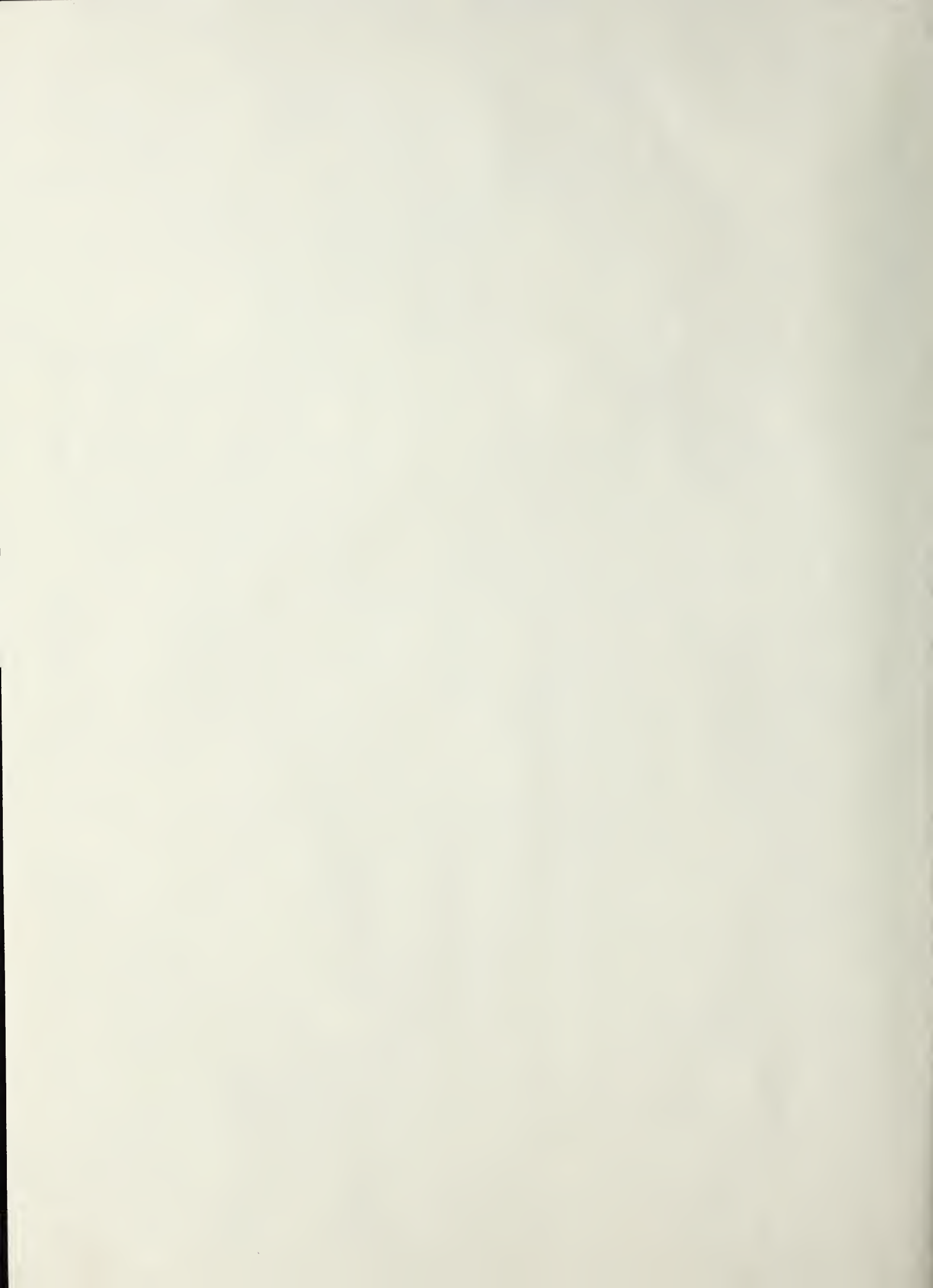
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THE
18 ANNUAL

THE
JOURNAL



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THE ANNUAL

1918

Published by
The Senior Class
Winchester High School

“Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar, sunning.”



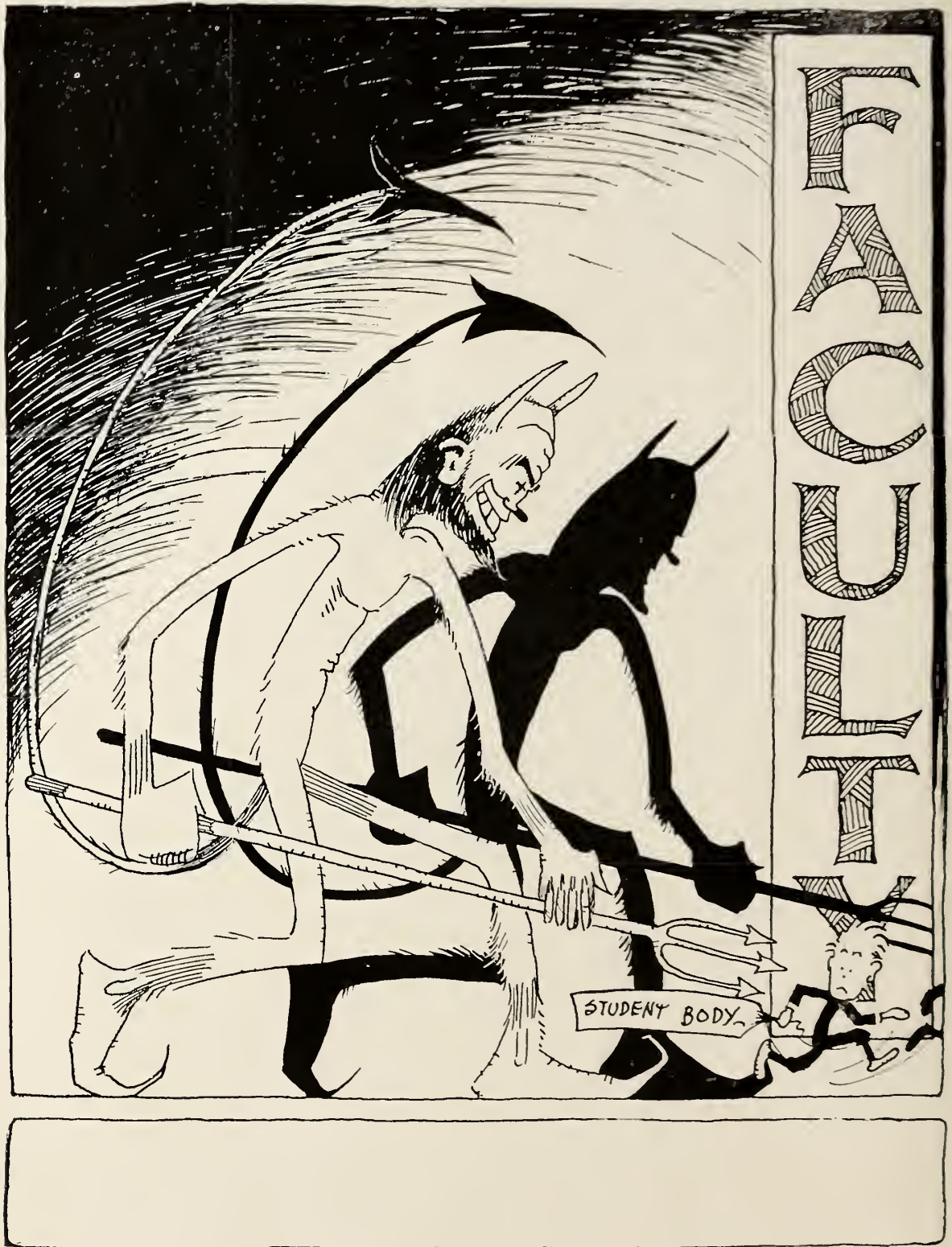
THE ANNUAL

In loving appreciation of his patience and kindly
efforts we, the class of 1918 dedicate
this Annual to
Mr. Oscar S. Luckett

CLASS OF '18



OSCAR G. PUCKETT



CLASS OF '18

THE FACULTY

WHEN school opened Monday, September 10th, there were only two familiar faces in the faculty. Fortunately for us, Mr. Shaw gave up his appointment in the Officers' Reserve Training Camp at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, and accepted the position of principal in W. H. S. His powerful personality and impartial discipline have already had marked effects.

The other teacher remaining with us from last year is Mr. Puckett who has taught in the High School for years. This year he has Senior History, and Commerical Arithmetic, Junior History, Freshman English and Music. Some how, the day wouldn't be complete if it were not for the pleasant "good-morning" which greets us every day.

In the Latin department we have Miss Baker. She came to us after teaching for several years in Jefferson High School, at Lafayette. She certainly is a valuable teacher, having graduated from Indiana University, and then after several years of teaching, she went abroad and studied German in the University of Berlin. But, now she has experienced a change of heart and has given up her German for Latin.

Miss Sanders, who is in charge of the English, hails from Indianapolis. Her classes are always full of vim because she has so much "pep" it soon becomes contagious. This is only her second year out of DePauw her first experience in teaching being in Westfield High School.

The one shining star in the faculty is Miss Hanna, who has the honor of being the only one holding an M. A., degree. She graduated from Worcester College and received her degree at the University of Wisconsin. She has had several years of experience in teaching, having taught sciences in Yorktown, Upland, Muncie and Port Clinton, Ohio High Schools.

This is Miss Hensley's first year out of college. She graduated last year from Indiana University and the School Board of Winchester were fortunate in securing such a capable teacher for mathematics.

Mr. Peacock has had charge of the Manual Training in the city schools for years and the marvelous work the boys have turned out alone speaks for his ability.

Since her graduation from I. U., Miss Day has taught Domestic Science in the Winchester Schools. Under her skillful direction, the Domestic Science classes have progressed rapidly and too much praise cannot be given her.

In the High School, the art classes take up very little time, but we all realize and appreciate the value of Miss Unthank who has devoted all her talent to the pupils of the public schools..

THE ANNUAL

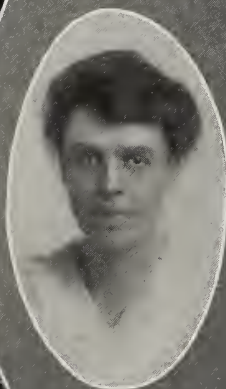


OSCAR R. BAKER
Supt. Winchester Public Schools

CLASS OF '18



FRED W. SHAW, Principal
Mathematics and German



MISS LETTIE BAKER
Latin



MISS LUCILE HANNA
Physics and Chemistry



MISS LULU HENSLEY
Mathematics

THE ANNUAL



OSCAR G. PUCKETT
History, English and Music.



MISS BESS SANDERS
English.



CLIFFORD E. PEACOCK
Manual Training and Mechanical
Drawing.



MISS GERTRUDE UNTHANK
Art.

CLASS OF '18

This Annual is the Year Book of the Winchester High School,
Published at the Close of the School Year by the Seniors.

STAFF OF THE 1918 ANNUAL.

Audrey Mosier.....	Editor-in-chief
Paul Bailey.....	Assistant Editor
Ralph Watson.....	Business Manager
Donal Botkin.....	Assistant Business Manager
Lucile Reynard.....	Secretary & Treasurer
Donald Browne.....	Advertising Manager
Georgia Clark.....	Literary Editor
Alice Miller.....	Assistant Literary Editor
Agnes Moore.....	Clubs & Organizations
Julia Keleher.....	Society Editor
Roger Beals.....	Joke Editor
Joe Pipher.....	Athletic Editor
Bess Sanders.....	Faculty Representative
W. H. S.....	Contributors

CLASS OF '18



GERTRUDE BAILY

"Let none presume to wear an undeserved dignity."



DONALD BOTKIN

"Were man but constant he would be perfect."



GEORGIA CLARKE

"The hand that follows intellect can achieve."

THE ANNUAL



MILDRED MENDENHALL

"Only my Quietness shall make me
great; my humbleness exalt me."



ROGER BALES

"My first love and last love is self
love."



MARGARET THORNBURG

"A sweet expression is the highest
type of female loveliness."

CLASS OF '18



AUDREY MOSIER

"A good heart will, at all time be-
tray the best head in the world."



PAUL BAILLY."

"Variety is the spice of life."



JULIA KELLEHER

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilights too, her dusky hair."

THE ANNUAL



MARY SHOCKLEY

There are some women who are flirts upon principle; they consider it their duty to make themselves as pleasant as possible to everybody.

HENRIETTA KELCH

Still she chews a dime's worth six days of the week, while the seventh she passes with a chew in each cheek

RALPH WATSON

As for me, give me Marjory or give me death, What is life without Marjory? Nothing. What is Marjory without me? Nothing still.

CLASS OF '18



ELANOR LEAVELL

In thy face I see the map of honor,
truth, and loyalty.



AGNES MOORE

The beauty of her hair bewilders me.



DORIS EILER

Amidst the soft variety, I am lost.

THE ANNUAL



EDITH WAY

A smile on her lip and a tear in her eye.



HARLAND BROWNE

He is a man of cheerful yesterdays
and confident tomorrow.



RUTH ABSHIRE

A noble soul has no other merit than
to be a noble soul.

CLASS OF '18



ALPHA RICKNER

Serene I fold my hands and wait.



LESTER ROSS

He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple of his
garment.



ALICE MILLER

My soul today is far away.

THE ANNUAL



MADELINE ELDER

There is no art to find the mind's
construction in the face.



DONALD BROWNE

With Marie conversing I forget all
time.



LUCILE REYNARD

A cheerful temper joined with inno-
cence, will make beauty attractive.

CLASS OF '18



REVA OROSA

Some feelings are given to mortals
with less of earth in them than
Heaven.



JOE PIPHER

I am monarch of all I survey.



MARY BALLARD

I love tranquil solitude, and such so-
ciety, as is quiet, wise and good.

THE ANNUAL



JAMES R. PERRY

CLASS OF '18

LIFE OF JAMES RICHARD PERRY.

JAMES RICHARD PARRY, son of Walter G. and Hattie B. Parry was born January 5th, 1899, and departed this life March 3rd, 1918. He lived in the city of Winchester all his life and attended all the sessions of the Public Schools of said city from the time he was of school age, and at the time of his death was a member of the Senior Class of the Winchester High School.

He was president of the Athletic Association and Vice-President of his class. He engaged in all the activities of the school, was a member of the orchestra and took an active part in all social functions. Through his kindly disposition, deeds and offices, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence, not only of the members of his class, but as well, of all those who knew him.

Had he been spared to the end of the present term he would have graduated with honors with his class, and was planning and preparing to enter DePauw University to better fit himself for usefulness in this life. He had ambitions and a desire to make a useful member of the community in which he lived and the crisis through which our country is passing stirred his patriotism and fired his ambition.

What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell; what brilliant broken plans; what baffled high ambitions; what sundering of strong, warm friendships; what bitter rending of household ties! Splendid in life, he was no less splendid in death!

It seems strange to us, being but partially acquainted as we are, with the great laws of which the hand of God governs in human affairs, that in the early and beautiful days of spring, when the flowers are bursting forth in meadow and dale, that one so young and whose life was so full of ambition, hope and promise, and future usefulness, should be stricken by the icy hand of Death, but may not we, through the Christian's faith, look beyond the cheerless tomb and see and know that what to us, on first view seems a death, is but a blooming of another flower into its eternal existence in the happy meadows beyond the great divide.

By James S. Engle.

THE ANNUAL



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By James S. Engle.



The Winchester Breeze

VOL. CXIV

November 7, 1932

Price Two Cents

DONAL B. BOTKIN

Elected Governor of Indiana.

Carried Overwhelming Plurality.

Donal B. Botkin, Republican Candidate, on latest returns from 10,000 precincts, gives him a plurality of 100,000 votes over his opponent on the Democratic ticket. This very substantial majority insures his election. Mr. Botkin has been prominent in politics for a number of years, having acted as National Chairman of the

Republican Party. During which time he won popularity with the people by his shrewdness and fair dealing in his party organizations. Randolph, his home county, showed its loyalty by giving him a three to one vote. There is much assurance of his capability as a leader for the citizens of Indiana.

Condemned School Building Being Torn Down

The old East Ward school building is, at last, being torn down. The building has been condemned by the State as unsafe for Public use, for the past three years, but work on removing it was only begun this month. The old school has not been in use since the new High School building was erected in 1928.

The new Y. M. C. A. building will probably be built on the present site of the school house. This will add much to the attractiveness and progress of our city.

Local Girl Successful Authoress.

Miss Audrey Mosier's latest book, "Intimate Glimpses of the World War", which has just been presented to the public, has met with universal approval. Miss Mosier has spent several years in Europe collecting material for this production which is considered her masterpiece.

COMING ATTRACTION

Winchester is promised a great attraction next week, when Mr. Harlan Brown, the well known boxer will come from Pennsylvania to spend a week in this city with his parents. Mr. Brown who was formerly a Winchester boy will lecture on the "Physical Benefit of Boxing" at the new Y. M. C. A. building on Tuesday evening. Following the lecture Mr. Brown will instruct the Y. M. C. A. members in the art.

WOMAN EVANGELIST ATTRACKS PUBLIC

The Rev. Reva Rossa and her party who have opened a four weeks revival here, are attracting large crowds. Much interest is being manifested from the fact that Miss Rossa was formerly a Winchester woman.

New Judge of Supreme Court

The many friends of Paul Bailey were glad to hear of his election to the bench of the Supreme Court of Indiana.

Serious Complaint Filed

Mr. Jones a farmer residing east of town has filed a complaint in court against Miss Henrietta Kelch. He claims that Miss Kelch is a nuisance. He says Miss Kelch rented a small farm adjoining his own and came to live there to prove her theory of reducing by extensive exercise. He says that climbing fences and running are her favorite methods for reducing, and she is constantly breaking down his fences, and running over his corn and wheat crops. He demands that action be taken at once.

OUTPUT OF PLEASURE AEROPLANES

Washington Nov. 7—Leading passenger aeroplane manufacturers met with the Industrial Board today to discuss plans for the new standard planes to be used universally. This plan was first put into effect at the time of the World War, when the auto trucks used in service were standardized. The arrangement proved successful and since then all automobiles have been standardized to a very good advantage. The new plan is to treat all airplanes in the

same manner, which will make them more beneficial and useful for the various air routes over the country. The Civil Service department is especially interested in this new undertaking since all their service of delivery is by air lines. At the close of the meeting, it was announced that a joint committee of the manufacturers and board would report a plan and action would be taken in the near future according to the plan agreed upon.

Miss Alpha Rickner Married

Former Winchester Girl.

Word has been received here announcing the marriage of Miss Alpha Rickner to Philip A. Case of Gold-Water Colorado. Miss Rickner was born and reared in this city, but has been employed in the West for a number of years. She was a graduate of the Class of 1918 of the Winchester High School. Her many friends here extend congratulations.

NEW FASHION HIT

Designer, Former Winchester Girl.

New York—The new "Minnie" dinner gowns which have been appearing in smart society of the fair sex, have created quite a sensation. The designer, as well as her gowns, demands the attention of the public. She is Miss Julia Agnes Moore, a native of Winchester, Indiana. She came to New York three years ago, and first as a model for Coles Phillips, has now won the admiration of the smart set.

DIVORCE GRANTED

Mrs. C. M. Hobbick was granted a divorce yesterday by Judge Bailey. Her maiden name, Mary Shockley, was restored and \$5000.00 alimony was granted to the plaintiff. The charge made by Mrs. Hobbick was the too great attention of her husband. She stated that he was intensely jealous of her pet dog, and made her life miserable by his constant attentions.

NEW COUNTY INFIRM- ARY SUPERINTENDENT

Mr. Joe Donald Browne has been appointed Superintendent of the Randolph County Infirmary for the coming term of office. Mr. and Mrs. Browne expect to move to that place next week. The public predicts a successful term of office for Mr. Browne.

NEW MANAGEMENT

Variety Store Changes Hands

Mr. Joe Pipher, who has just returned from Indianapolis, where he has been employed for the past two years, has purchased the Variety Store in this city and will remain here to conduct the business.

NEW MATRON APPOINTED

Honor System To Be Installed.

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Hetty Vorhes Home for Old Ladies, Monday evening, Miss Edith Way was appointed matron for the coming year. She will assume her duties at once. It is intimated that she will install the Honor System.

WATSON HOST AT BANQUET

Gives Dinner to His Newspaper Men.

About thirty newspaper men were guests at a dinner given at the Randolph Hotel last Friday evening by Ralph Watson, one of our leading local newspapers publishers. Mr. Watson made a pleasing address to his guests, and in return they presented their employer with a handsome leather desk set.

Watch
This
Space
for
Further
Developments.

WEDDING.

ROST—CLARKE

A pretty fall wedding took place Sunday morning, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Clarke on E. Franklin Street, when their daughter Georgia Ellen and Mr. Benjamin B. Rost of Richmond, Indiana, were united in marriage. The bride wore white satin embroidered in pearls. Miss Julia Kelleher the maid of honor, was charming in a gown of pale rose and silver. Mr. and Mrs. Rost have gone to Chicago for a short stay, after which they will be at home at 1179 Home Place. Mr. Rost will enter into partnership with Mr. Clarke in the undertaking business and Mrs. Rost will act as lady assistant.

SOCIETY

Messrs. Lee (Petie) Kinkead and Pearl Kever entertained very delightfully at a dinner dance at the Randolph Hotel last evening for the pleasure of a number of the city's charming young ladies. The dinner was a six course affair. Mr. Kinkead gave a toast, "Our Pretty Girls." Afterward the guests were ushered to the hotel parlors and the dance followed. Those present were: Betty Jane Taylor, Mary Elizabeth Britton, Martha Ann Hamblin, Anna Marie Macy, Sarah Francis Puckett, Mary Martha Hunt, Mary Virginia Hobbick, Alice Belle Parry, Mariana Reed and Jean Lenkensdofer.

Miss Ruth Abshier, a teacher of the fourth grade in the Winchester High School, delightfully entertained the pupils of her class at a pretty afternoon party last Monday. Thirty guests were present and music and games were the features of the afternoon. Miss Mildred Mendenhall and Mary Ballard, who have recently completed a kindergarten course at Indianapolis, assisted Miss Abshire in serving.

Mrs. Ernest Thornberg entertained about fifty small guests to an afternoon lawn party at the Thornberg suburban home yesterday. The event was given in honor of her grandchildren the Mendenhall twins, Newman and Robert.

The pupils of Miss Alice Miller will present a musical comedy at the New Theater Friday evening, November 23rd. Miss Miller is a capable instructor and the success of the play is assured. She has quite a large class in dancing, voice and dramatics. She graduated from Chicago Dramatic Arts two years ago. After traveling with the Gayle Company she returned to this place to teach her arts. The benefits of the play will be added to the Reconstruction Fund of the World's War. Entire cast will be published later. Tickets on sale at Britton's Drug Store. 50 and 75 cents.

A dance given at the Moose Home on last Tuesday evening proved a brilliant success. The place was artistically decorated. The little Japanese houses in every corner of the room furnished favorite retreats for the dancers during the intermissions. Dr. and Mrs. Roger G. Beals led the grand march. Mrs. Beals wearing a lovely rainbow gown. Following them came Lord Meier and Miss Alice Macy Miller, charming in a gown of coral panne velvet and turquoise satin, fashioned effectively at the hips. The proceeds of the dance are for charity purposes.

Personals

Miss Gertrude Bailey of this city has gone to Nashville, Tennessee, to accept a position as teacher of Latin and Greek in Wald-Belmont Seminary. Miss Bailey graduated from that school six years ago and is a member of their honorary sorority.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Beals have returned from a trip in the East. Dr. Beals attended the Annual American Association of Dentists in Boston.

Miss Henrietta Kelch has as her house guest this week, Miss Mary Humphreys of Portland, Indiana.

Miss Mary Ballard has accepted a position in Kindergarten work with the Chicago Lyceum Bureau. She expects to be located in the southern states this summer.

Miss Julia Kelleher of Frankfort, Indiana, is visiting friends in this city. Miss Henrietta Kelch entertained at a small card party in her honor last Tuesday.

Miss Eleanor Leavell of New York City formerly of this city will lecture on "Community Welfare", at the Methodist Church next Friday night. Miss Leavell is a fluent orator, and her subject is one which should interest every citizen of this city. Admission 25 cents.

(Personals continued on next page)

Get your tickets early and avoid the rush to see
"MOTHER'S ONLY CHILD"
 At THE NEW COZY THEATRE.
 By Lec. E. Ross

Word has been received by Winchester friends of the successful operation of Miss Madeline Elder in the Methodist Hospital at Indianapolis last Wednesday morning. She is reported to be getting along nicely and will return home in a few days.

Joe Donald Browne Jr. fell down the steps of his father's home last Saturday evening and broke his right arm. A doctor was summoned at once and the injured member was set in place.

Mrs. George Mendenhall and children have returned to their home in Richmond after an extended visit with Mrs. Mendenhall's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Thornburg.

Mrs. Everett Coats, having completed a college course in "Economics" has returned to her husband's home here.

**It
PAYS
to
Advertise
in
the
Winchester
BREEZE**

THE NEW COZY

**Wednesday, Thursday and
Friday**

LEC. E. ROSS

—IN—

"Mother's Only Child."

An old-fashioned love story. It is the naturalness of Lec. E. Ross which makes him so convincing and pleasing and his works so delightful to every eye.

See This UNIQUE ATTRACTION

FALL OPENING

SEPTEMBER 1st.

**Newest Styles in Fall Hats.
Special attention given to
Misses and Children.**

**Call Early and avoid
the Rush.**

**MISS LUCILLE REYNARD,
SOUTH SIDE SQUARE.**

CLASS OF '18

THE CLASS WILL.

WE, the Senior Class of the Winchester High School being of sound mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, as a class, to -wit-:

Our "Stand-In" with the faculty to all the underclassmen.

Our admiration for Miss Sanders to anyone, willing to assume the responsibility.

The Senior girls have realized the enormity of their selfishness and wish to will the Junior boys to the Junior girls.

Our "ponies" to the long suffering-tho-innocent Juniors.

As individuals, to-wit-:

Alice Miller's seat-mate, Eddie Henizer, to the kind protection of her dear sister Sarah assuming that she will do her best to compensate him for the loss of Alice.

"Pete" Way's beautiful complexion to Pauline Albright.

Mary Ballard's beautiful tresses to Maurine Taylor to do with as she desires, only—do not rat, do not cut, do not curl!!!!!!

"Sprat" Watson's powerful stature to Orville Beard, providing he appreciates the same to the utmost, otherwise it is to be passed on the Kenneth Bailey.

Paul Bailey's deep basso voice to Eugene Brown.

Joe Pipher's broken nose to Robert Bailey, with the provision that it does not pass out of the family.

Roger Beals' unlimited egotism and admiration for himself is to be divided equally between Ruth Bales, Winifred Draher and June Payne.

Julia Kelleher's enormous height to "Stork" Coats, hoping that he will appreciate the spirit in which it is given

Agnes Moore's ever-present supply of "pep" to Olive Surface.

Georgia Clarke's dramatic ability to Vera Anderson.

Doris Eiler's most cherished possession—"Stork" Coats—she wishes to leave to Ruby Oxley.

THE ANNUAL

In the magnanimity of her heart, Henrietta Kelch wishes to bequeath to Olive Kable, her most cherished possession, her earrings, and her subdued hosiery to Joyce Campbell.

Mildred Mendenhall's shy, retiring manner to Esther Simon, hoping that she will profit by Mildred's example.

Lester Ross' sunny disposition to Kathleen Smith, his aquiline nose to Charles Gordon, and his fluffy pompadour to Oliver Copeland.

Lucile Reynard wishes to leave her hidden talent to her cousin, Rebecca Kable.

Don Botkin's spare moments to "Chick" Hobbick.

Harland Brown's obesity to Glenn Murry.

Don Browne's dreamy eyes to Ruth Monks.

Madeline Elder's lovely disposition to Sarah Miller and her pretty hair to Mary Hiatt.

Margaret Thornburg's domestic instinct to Kathleen Cornell, to be used at all time.

Mary Shockley's perfectly frank disposition to Esther Engle.

Alpha Rickner's faithfulness to the orchestra; and Mr. Puckett to Bob Botkin.

Reva Roosa's studious interest in her work, to Ruth Smith.

Audrey Mosier's love for hard work to John Wilson.

Gertrude Bailey's pretty hands and little(?) feet to Marjorie Graft.

Eleanor Leavell's antipathy for "men in general" to Kathleen Smith—hoping the effect will be of long duration.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal, this 3rd, day of June
A. D. 1918.

THE SENIORS

Sealed, signed and declared as and for their last will and testament by the above named testators, in our presence, who have, at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, signed our names as witnesses thereto.

Julia Kelleher

Agnes Moore

Donal Botkin



LITERARY

THE ANNUAL

"EDIKASHUN"

'Twas said one day as I overheard
Two ladies talking down on "Third"
"Edikashun shure does pay
We're goin' to realize some day."
"Now as fur me, " quoth one so fair
"I've bin clean thru the dikshunair.
There aint no word that I don't know
The meanin' of, come fast or slow.
Now as to spellin' ,I'll not say's to that
I've bin clean thru the alphabet.
And 'rithmetic there aint no tricks
Seven times seven is fifty-six,"
And then I passed on up the walk
And left those ladies there to talk.

Ruth Boltz.

THE PATRIOT.

LIGHT was gradually darkening the streets of the small remote village in France and the lonely group of American soldiers drew up closely to the camp fire which provided their only light and warmth. No words were spoken, for the hearts of all were heavier than usual and the good natured, carefree spirit, typical of the American boys was lacking. A wind was coming up and the prospect of rain was neither encouraging nor cheerful to the little group around the fire. Although they were fast becoming accustomed to the hardships of army life, the anticipation of a stormy night was not a pleasant one, and the boys shuddered as they heard the wind blowing threateningly in the trees.



Going.

CLASS OF '18

Richard Madison sat apart from the others, gazing steadily into the fire. He was a handsome boy, well built, with a bearing that made one readily see that he was worthy of the soldier's suit he wore, worthy of being called one of Uncle Sam's boys. His eyes, tonight, were wistful and his mouth twitched occasionally, as if he were trying to force back the thoughts that came into his mind.

Richard Madison was homesick, and the lump that came up into his throat was hard to gulp down. He had been homesick many times, but never before had he felt the utter loneliness and the longing for home that he felt now. In his hand he held a package of letters and a photograph which had come in the afternoon mail.

He moved a little closer to the fire and looked again at the face in the picture—the face of the “girl he left behind him.” His eyes filled with tears, and he took from the package the two letters that he had received from his mother.

The other fellows had left now and were in their tents—the fire was burning low, and the wind blowing harder. Richard reverently unfolded the first letter and read it again in the dim light of the camp fire—read again the words that she had written to him, helpful and full of kind, loving advice that he needed, so much now.

The little old town in Massachusetts was just the same, she said, his home town. Other mother's sons had left their homes for the war, and some of the mothers were frantic with grief, others rebellious. She was proud, she said, of her son, of his brave deeds that had been described in letters from the other fellows; she prayed constantly that he might be brought back to her safely, that he would fight bravely for the right. She knew that he was the truest of true patriots. Richard's head swam when he read that last part. He put the letter away and once more began to think of his everyday life—of the hardships, the sacrifices, and the unbearable loneliness. One of his best pals had deserted only the week before—had left the army and was probably now on his way back home. It would be easy, Richard thought, to go back that way, he could make excuses surely they wouldn't blame him when they knew, and it could easily be accomplished.

He took out the girl's picture again and looked at it gravely—trying to read in those deep eyes, that which would force him to desert and go back to her. She had said that she was lonely, that she missed him, and that every day she wished that he was back in America—it was too much! He would go, dangerous as it might seem, he would make one desperate effort. The fire was almost out now, and no one was stirring in the camp. Richard's head sank down upon his breast, and a great sob shook him.

For many minutes he sat there, his heart heavy and his mind far off in his own country. Suddenly he was startled by a sharp cry behind him, and on turning around he saw that the men



“Fore”

THE ANNUAL

were collecting their belongings hurriedly and that confusion was abroad in the camp. A call for help had been sent in from a village not far off, and the men were preparing for the march as quickly as possible. Just for an instant, Richard hesitated, then he quietly slipped the letters and picture into his pocket, and in another minute was ready with the others.

Richard Madison was never really sure about exactly what happened that night, but there was a desperate fight for life on the part of every man in his company after they reached the French village, and he was only vaguely conscious that the men were praising him and the women weeping over him when it was all over. He only knew that he had suddenly realized the selfishness of his recent decisions and that he was fired by an undescrivable fervor to fight to murder the enemy and to protect as many Americans as he could. So he fought bravely and heroically, thinking all the time of the girl and the little mother back home. He was fighting for them, he said to himself, and he was going to make them all proud of him back there—prouder than they had ever been before. And when the blow came that caused a pain in his side that he had never known before, and he sank down to the ground, he knew that he had done the most he could for his country.

Up in Massachusetts, a beautiful girl cried softly while a patient little woman read and re-read the story of the battle as the papers had given it. And they both knew that the one life, although it was the dearest one to them had not been given in vain.

By Edith Way.



One of our Y. M. C. As.

CLASS OF '18

THE Y. M. C. A.

THE Y. M. C. A. movement is one that is entirely new to the local High School. Owing to the present war, and the needs of recreation for our soldiers and sailors, the school was most desirous of pledging funds for this splendid work. The boys were called together and completed an organization for the time being to aid the fellows in earning their pledges.

Old W. H. S. rallied to the cause by sending forth thirty-seven subscribers for ten dollars each. They are as follows:

Roger Beals	Melvin Mills
Donal Botkin	Ralph Nickerson
Robert Botkin	James Parry
James Bowman	Bader Pierce
Cedric Briner	John Smith
Donald Browne	Irvin Stormes
Harlan Brown	Ernest Thornhill
Paul Bailey	Ralph Watson
Cecil Chenoweth	Omer Spear
Everett Coats	Robert Ward
Walter Cox	Earl Younger
Richard Frank	John Wilson
Cecil Greene	Alexander Fields
Clifford Hobbick	John Wysong
Leland Howard	Kenneth Boomer
James Leavell	Noble Elder
Harold Macdaniel	Walter Armstrong
Lewis Mendenhall	Harlan Puckett
Fred Miller	



—and the other

Of these, eight, have already completed their subscriptions, this making the local school the leading one in the county.

After the war it is the earnest desire of every local boy that Winchester will be able to support a Y. M. C. A. Realizing the part it plays in moulding the character of young men, we feel that nothing better could come to this city.

THE ANNUAL

HELPING UNCLE SAM.

IT was an evening in early September, cool but pleasant. Earlier in the day groups of men might have been seen hurrying across the parade fields in the large northern training camp, every one looking busy and contented.

Now, however, the place looked deserted. All of the soldiers were preparing for the reception to be given at the Duncan Hotel, in their honor, and careful preparation required time.

In one of the barracks, a boy lay face downward on his narrow cot. He did not move when the door opened and a handsome young fellow came noisily in and stood surveying him in astonishment.

"What's wrong, Bob?" asked the newcomer.

"Nothing," was the muffled answer.

"Going to the dance, aren't you?"

Silence!

"Oh, if that's the way you feel about it, I'd better go away," said the other.

The boy on the bed sat up, "Don't go, Joe," he begged, "I didn't mean to be so cross. I'm just tired. Been drilling for the last three hours."

"Cheer up, old boy," answered Joe, "It can't last forever. You'll feel like a different man, after you've danced a couple of times."

"I don't think I'll go. What's the use? I'm new here and no one knows me." He got up and walked to the door. "This cool air feels like the right thing," he observed, "Back home I never missed a dance, everyone," his voice choked, and he turned his face away.

Despite his new uniform and square shoulders, there was something about the boy which made him seem pathetic to his companion. He, too, knew the feeling! He had had his first bitter moments, when, two months before, he had come, a stranger to take up his life among the thousands of other men. He had been a Sergeant then, now he seemed a part of the place and the homesick moments were over.

He strode over to the silent fig-

Leaving.



CLASS OF '18

ure by the door and turned him around, "Say, Bob," he cried. "They're going to have a Jazz Band tonight. Lots of pretty girls, too and the officers will be there and you might get to meet some of them. That's always a help! Anyone from your home town here?"

Bob Macon shook his head, "Not a soul!" he answered. "Then it's up to you to meet some nice people," declared Joe, "Come on, you'll have to hurry. Over in my barracks the fellows have been ready for an hour. I'll stop for you in twenty minutes."

Before Bob could protest he had left. Well, maybe he should go, after all. There really wasn't any reason why he shouldn't, except that he was tired and homesick. Maybe he would feel better if he went. Besides, what Joe had said about meeting the officers was true. Bob was surprised to find himself waiting to go to that dance.

An hour later, a steady stream of girls with men in Khaki poured into the dance hall. Flags and bunting decorated the walls and a Jazz Band furnished splendid music.

Captain Bond and his sister Peggy came in together, and took their places in the receiving line. "Did you notice the man with Sergeant Harris, Ted?" she asked suddenly.

"The Captain laughed, "Can't say I did," he said, "Anything peculiar about him?"

"Yes, he looked homesick," replied the girl, "I'm going to find out who he is--- Oh, good evening Dr. Prescott, can you tell me who the man is with Sergeant Harris?"

"Fortunately, I can," laughed the doctor, "He came two days ago and is a likable young chap. Name's Bob Macon. He's from Winsfield, Ohio."

Several times during the evening the Captain's pretty sister noticed him; for the most part standing apart from the rest or talking with Harris. At last she crossed the room to where he stood and held out her hand, "Why, Bob Macon," she cried, "of all people in the world, you are the last I expected to see here. When did you come?"

Bob took the hand she so eagerly proffered and said hesitatingly, "Oh! I came two days ago, but—I can't think of your name," he finished.

"Why, surely you haven't forgotten your cousin Peggy," she answered reproachfully.

"Certainly! Peggy, Peggy—was it Peggy Fredericks?"

"No, indeed," replied the girl, "Peggy Bond. I used to play with you years ago. I'm sure I would never have forgotten you," she added meaningfully.

"Didn't you come home one Christmas?" ventured Bob daringly.

Peggy blushed faintly, "Now you remember me, don't you?"



THE ANNUAL

"I'll never forget you again," he replied fervently, "Shall we dance this number, Cousin Peggy?"

"I am visiting my brother here," she told him during one of the dances which followed, "You must meet him, Captain Bond—you know?"

They danced on and on. Bob told himself that he had never danced with a more charming girl, or one whose step fitted so well with his. There was no doubt in his mind that she was not his cousin, besides, he knew he had never met her before. The questions which she asked him about his home and family were questions that any member of the family would have known.

The last dance came to a close, "My brother will be waiting for me," observed Peggy, "I've certainly enjoyed being with you again, Cousin Bob."

"It would be perfectly proper for me to come to see you soon, wouldn't it?" he asked. "Then you can tell me just how we are related."

The girl stopped, "I'll tell you right now" she answered. She pointed to the large flag draped over the door, "Doesn't that represent your Uncle Sam?" she questioned "well he's my Uncle Sam too. That's the way we're cousins", she concluded.

Then since the relationship is assured, may I call tomorrow?" persisted Bob.

"Yes, come and meet my brother" was the reply.

* * * * *

"Well, how about it," questioned Joe Harris, as they turned toward the barracks sometime later that night. "Are you sorry you went? 'I think you had the prettiest girl there."

Bob yawned sleepily, "I wouldn't have missed it for anything," he said, "have a cigar, Joe."

By Alice Miller.



The last bell

CLASS OF '18

OUR SERVICE FLAG.

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
O, what a wonderful flag you are!

Blue is your star in its field of white,
Dipped in the red that was born of fight;
Born of the blood that our forebears shed
To raise your mother, The Flag, o're head.

And now you've come, in this frenzied day,
To speak from a window—to speak and say;
I am the voice of a soldier son
Gone to be gone till the victory's won.

I am the flag of the service sir;
The flag of his mother—I speak for her
Who stands by my window and waits and fears,
But hides from others her unwept tears.

I am the flag of the wives who wait
For the safe return of a martial mate,
A mate gone forth where the war God thrives
To save from sacrifice other men's wives.

I am the flag of the sweetheart's true,
The often unthought of—the sisters, too;
I am the flag of a mother's son
And won't come down till the victory's won.

Dear little flag in the window there,
Hung with a tear and a woman's prayer;
Child of Old Glory, born with a star—
O, what a wonderful flag you are!

William Herschel.



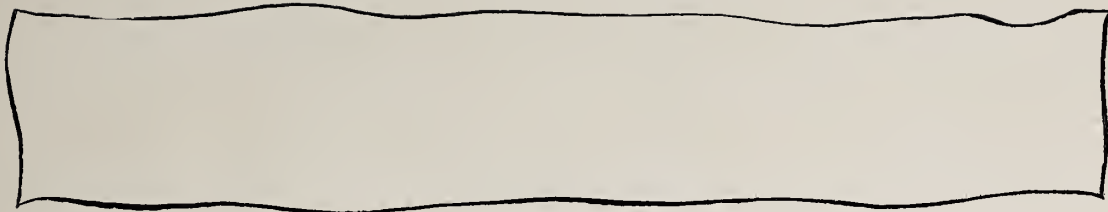
THE ANNUAL

The Service Flag of the W. H. S.

THE latest aquisition to the High School, and one of which we are very proud is the Service Flag which was presented to the school on February 12, 1918, by the Girls' Athletic Association. This flag, which hangs from the ceiling in the middle of the Assemblyroom, contains thirty nine stars, each of which represents some former member of this school who is in the service of the army or navy. At this time, when liberty, fraternity, and democracy, are wavering we cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to these brave men who are offering their lives for those principles We are proud to say that they were once in our school. They are:

Wilbur Bailey	Robert McDaniel
Ralph Bales	Ray Puckett
William Bales	Harry Pierce
Floyd Brown	Russell Preston
Ralph Britt	James Rubey
Charles Bullock	Reed Rubey
Leslie Courtner	Forest Rupe
Claude Davis	Sidney Small
George Davis	Everett Stanley
Glenn Diggs	Ray Shockney
Lloyd Farquhar	Walter Simmons
John Goodrich	Verne Simmons
Robinson Hitchcock	Jonas Stonerock
George Jaqua	Basil Stewart
Roy Johnson	Garland Thornhill
Lester Moorman	Tom Veach
Robert Mosier	Chester Vestal
James Miller	Chas. Wasson.
Chester Macy	Joshua McNees

Claude Mendenhall



• JUNIORS •

THE ANNUAL

CLASS OF '19



TOP ROW—Nova Harris, Louis Mendenhall, Frances Simpson, Everett Coats, John Jarret, Charles Gordon, Ruth Bales.

BOTTOM ROW—Doris Hutchens, Mary Clark, Jewell Jaqua, Mary Wysong, Mabel Brown, Maurine Taylor.

CLASS OF '18

CLASS OF '19



TOP ROW—Edith Miller, Maud Carter, Rubey Oxley, Ruth Williams, Mary Hiatt, Esther Simon.

BOTTOM ROW—Harold McDaniel, James Leavell, Eugene Brown, Irvin Stormes, Romine Hanscom.



CLASS OF '18

CLASS OF '20



TOP ROW—Tina Holloway, Winifred Draher, Sarah Miller, Olive Surface, Etheleen Templin, Katheleen Smith, Vera Anderson.
BOTTOM ROW—Leland Howard, Lucian Summers, June Payne, Esther Engle, Robert Ward, Bader Pierce.

THE ANNUAL

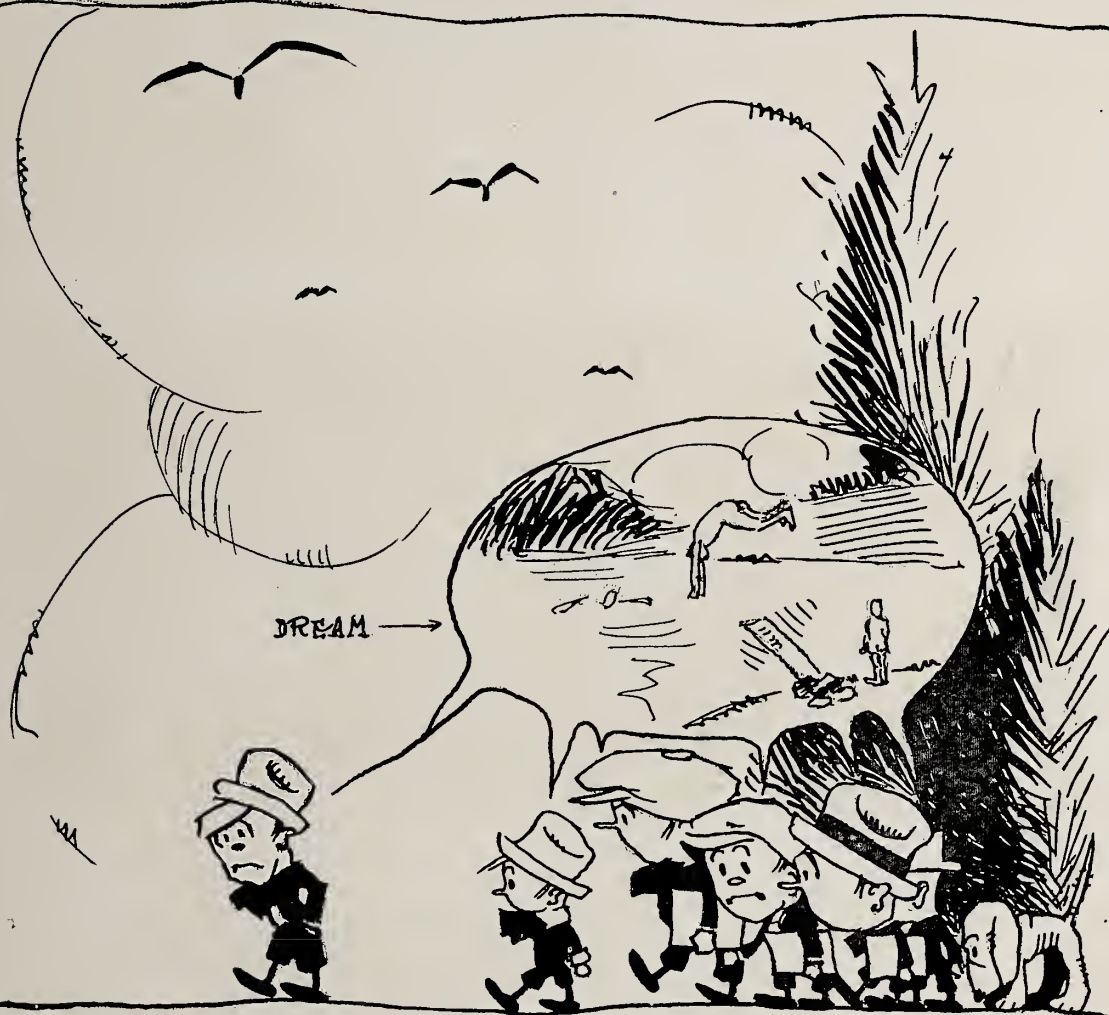
CLASS OF '20



TOP ROW—Ruth Boltz, Katheleen Martin, Joyce Campbell, Katheleen Cornell, Elizabeth Monks, Ruth Monks, Annabelle Littleton.

BOTTOM ROW—Ralph Nickerson, Glenn Murray, Donald Clevenger, Kenneth Bailey, Lyle Rathbun.

— AND THE —
SCHOOLBOY • WENDS • HIS
WEARY • WAY • TOWARD • SCHOOL.
— SHAKESPEARE —



FRESHMEN •

THE ANNUAL

A CLASS OF 21



TOP ROW—Mary Robinson, Erma Lennon, Helen Addington, Ruth Smith, Mary Rupe, Pauline Albright, Alice Wagner, Mary Daly, Mary Nicholas Chenoweth.
BOTTOM ROW—Robert Bailey, Robert Botkin, James Bowman, Cedric Briner, Paul Pflaster.

CLASS OF '18

A CLASS OF 21



TOP ROW—Alta Coryell, Ruth Hodge, Rebecca Kabel, Olive Kabel, Frances Cox, Angeline Thornburg, Addie Conley, Gladys Ward.
BOTTOM ROW—Russel Clevenger, Earl Younger, Fred Miller, Irvin Clark, Walter Cox.

THE ANNUAL

The B Class

CURIOSITY gleamed in the eyes of the members of our High School when, at the beginning of the second semester, our doors were opened to the seventeen members of the "B" class, the incoming Freshmen, who constituted the first division of one of our High School units and once more brought into the High School the custom of mid-year promotion—a custom which for many years has been unobserved. True, they were few in number, but their presence created much excitement and comment in the assembly-room. They came in meekly, therefore were treated with gracious consideration by the upperclassmen. On Friday night, February the fifteenth, they were initiated into the glories of the High School festivities at a High School party given by the loyal Juniors in their honor at the home of Rubey Oxley. On this occasion each member of the select group was required to stand bravely before the interested audience of the upperclassmen and recite a few fitting lines. They have done well as a class and we are very proud of them, hoping that they will continue to do their work well and to share in the responsibility that is partly unknown to them now, as Freshmen, but which will, in time, bring them closer together as a Senior Class.

CLASS OF '18

B CLASS OF '22



TOP ROW—Viola Fетters, Helen Brown, Frances Stoker, Mildred Conner, Margaret Simmons, Agnes Courtner, Marjorie Graft, Helen Hiatt.
BOTTOM ROW—Donald Payne, John Wilson, Paul Fields, Gilbert Harrison, Eddie Heniza.



CLASS OF '18

SOCIETY

OUR DIGNIFIED Seniors have been too absorbingly engrossed in their duties as good examples for the High School and in their studious achievements, to be troubled with frivolous society. It seems that they have taken their departure from the realm of whirling social duties to the more practical affairs of their lives. It is rumored that their efforts are being reserved for the Junior-Senior Reception.

Early in the year of 1917 the Juniors gave a party for the purpose of introducing the dear, bashful little Freshmen to the High School at the home of James Leavell. The play was very successful and pleasant and the Freshmen felt perfectly at home after the introduction they received into the popular High School Society. A program of games and dancing was effectively carried out, followed by light refreshments.

Hallowe'en Night the Junior boys gave a pleasant party to the girls of the class, entertaining at the home of Irvin Stormes. Everyone was masked and a program was carried out with a typical Hallowe'en luncheon served during the evening. Many guests made themselves present as the party progressed, some who were welcome, and some who were very unwelcome, nevertheless everyone enjoyed themselves especially the Junior girls.

After the Union City vs. Winchester game, October 26, 1917, this class held a Skate at the rink—everyone was cordially invited and had a pleasant evening, while at the same time the class realized a goodly compensation for their efforts.

A short time after the "B" Freshmen made their debut into the High School the Juniors again took it upon themselves to introduce the kindergarten. So, early in the semester, at the home of Rubey Oxley, the "B's" were given a formal (?) but cordial reception. Dancing and games were enjoyed, and during the course of the evening "Hooverized Eats" were served.

While the snow was still on the ground and a full moon prevailed over the earth, the Junior class had a "Bob-sled" ride to the home of Mary Wysong, south of town. The ride was very much enjoyed, and also the good time that took place after they arrived at their destination. Light refreshments were served late in the evening, and then the party had another pleasant drive home.

At Thanksgiving time, while the weather was still permissable, the Sophomores



Some girls.

THE ANNUAL

were given a hay-ride to the home of Herman Bosworth, west of town. When they arrived at Bosworth's they spent the evening playing out door games and having a general good time. Later, refreshments were served around a big bon-fire in the orchard.

This class gave a very interesting "Bob-sled" ride shortly after Christmas, and invited the Junior class. They met at the home of Vera Anderson, then rode out the cement road and returned to Vera's home for a while to play a few games and dance before the party disbanded. There has been something unfathomable concerned with this party but no one has ever penetrated into the depths.

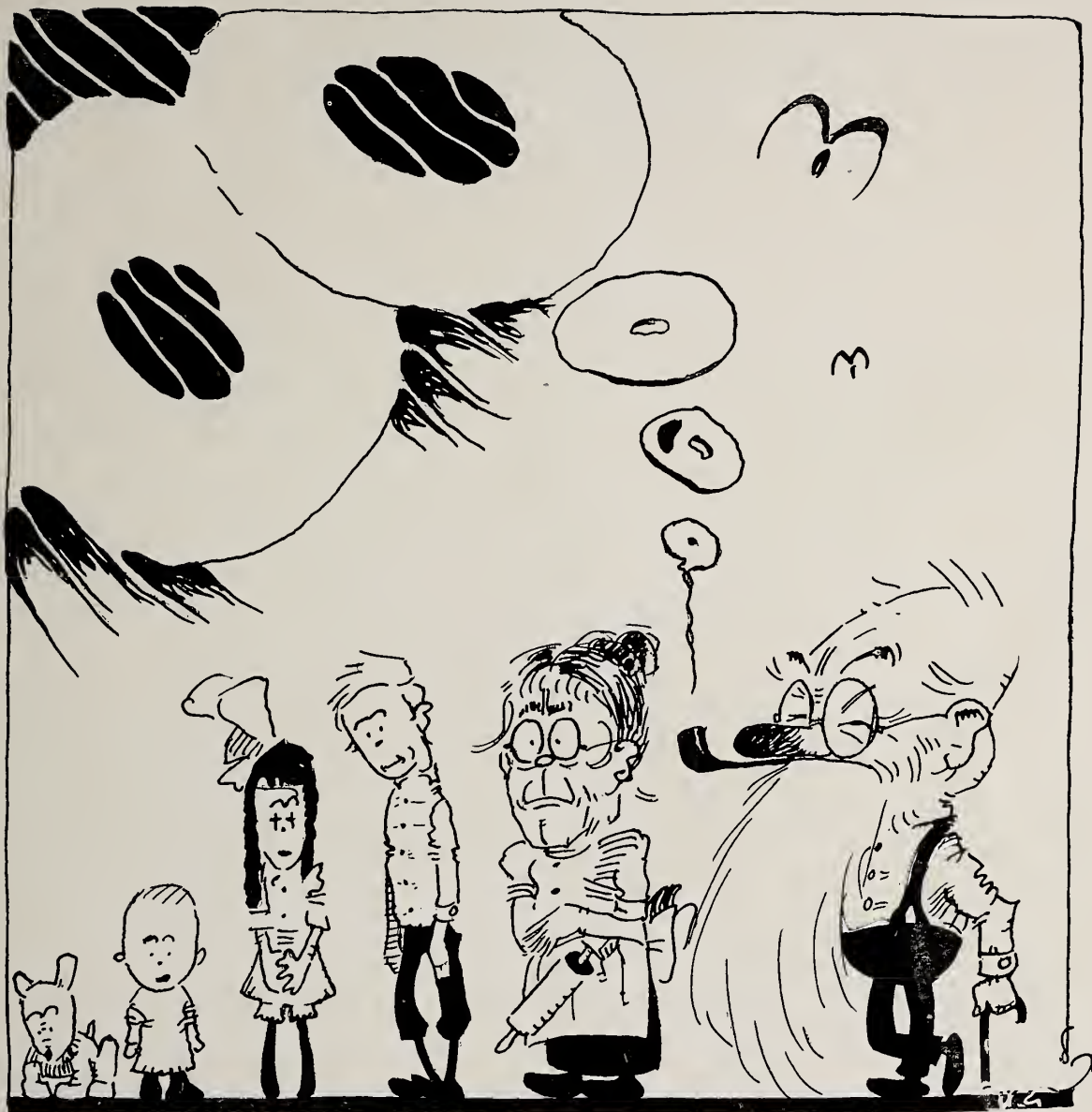
The home of Mary Robinson was the scene of a lovely High School party early in the school year. A clever program was arranged by the Freshman Class members and enjoyed by every partaker. Games and dancing were important features of the evening, and at a late hour delicious refreshments were served.

During the cold weather a "Bob-sled" party to the home of Walter Fudge was enjoyed by every member of the Freshman class. Walter had arranged a good program and many games were played. Elaborate refreshments were served before the members went to their respective homes.

Freshmen B—Oh, they're too young to go to parties, much less give one!



Some of the fellows



Organizations



THE ANNUAL

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club, having been organized for two years, is steadily growing more efficient and interesting. Miss Sanders, the very able leader of the organization, has done much to promote the affairs and events that have taken place within the club. Monthly meetings are held at the home of some member, and a program of music and readings is always enjoyed, followed by a pleasant social hour. A play "The Twig of Thorn," was given by the members, December 21st, 1917. It was very effectively produced and enjoyed by all who saw it. It is the earnest hope of the organization that this club may be continued and improved as the years pass.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

This organization has a membership of nearly every person in the High School. It is for the purpose of enthusing its members along the lines of Athletics, and has been very successful in this undertaking. Under the leadership of this association, the Basket Ball games are scheduled, carried out very favorably, and all other sports or Athletic attempts are overseen by the members with the help of the enthusiastic faculty.

BAND AND ORCHESTRA

These two musical organizations, under the able supervision of Mr. Puckett, are certainly a credit to the High School. They have undertaken some very difficult selections, but have been successful with all, owing to their diligent practice and untiring efforts. Many times during the school year they have offered their services for entertainment, and not only at school, but for other affairs, such as public meetings and entertainments, they have been able to show their ability. Both organizations are highly accredited, in the entire city, as well as in the High School.

CLASS OF '18

DRAMATIC CLUB



BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Eugene Browne, Mabel Browne, Mary Nicholas Chenoweth, Doris Hutchens, Ruth Bales, Annabel Littleton, Charles Gordon.
MIDDLE ROW—Kathleen Martin, Alice Wagner, Winifred Draher, Miss Sanders, Insctrutor, Agnes Moore, Katheleen Smith, Ruth Williams.
THIRD ROW—Mary Clark, Vera Anderson, Katheleen Cornell, Eleanor Leveall, Doris Eiler, Edith Way, Esther Engle, Ruth Smith, Tina Holloway, Georgia Clark, June Payne.
TOP ROW—Leiland Howard and Robert Botkin.

THE ANNUAL

ORCHESTRA



BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—Eugene Browne, Ernest Thornhill, Joe Ballard, Paul Pflasterer, Eugene Best, Charles Gordon.

MIDDLE ROW—Pauline Albright, Alice Mills, Oscar G. Puckett, Instructor, Alpha Rickner, Katheleen Cornell.

STANDING—Mary Daly, Mary Alice Cheney, Joe Pipher, Chester Pipher, Leland Howard, James Bowman, Russell Moorman, Dori Hutchens, Edwin Moorman, Kenneth Thornhill.

CLASS OF '18

MILITARY ACTIVITIES

IN considertaion of the crisis which our nation is passing through, and the need for Military Training, a company was organized in the High School for this purpose.

We were most fortunate in having in our school a man who has seen service on the Mexican Border, at which place, he gained the reputation of being a most efficient corporal. Mr. Simpson readily consented to become the captain of the company and drilling was started at once.

About forty men reported for the first drill and the company is gradually gaining. Of course, as the work was new to nearly all the fellows it has taken some time to be able to accomplish much. Everyone seems to take a deep interest in the work and after all it is stick-to-it-tiveness that counts.

After about six weeks drill, the non-commissioned officers were appointed and we are now practising skirmish-drill.

The officers are as follows:

Sergeants—Everett Coats,
Paul Bailey.

Corporals—Louis Mendenhall,
Harold Mcdaniels,
George Davis,
Charles Gordon.

As it is the patriotic duty of every American citizen to do his bit in this, our time of great need, the High School boys have decided upon this plan to do their bit in helping to keep "Old Glory" at the place she always has and always will hold.



Our Commander

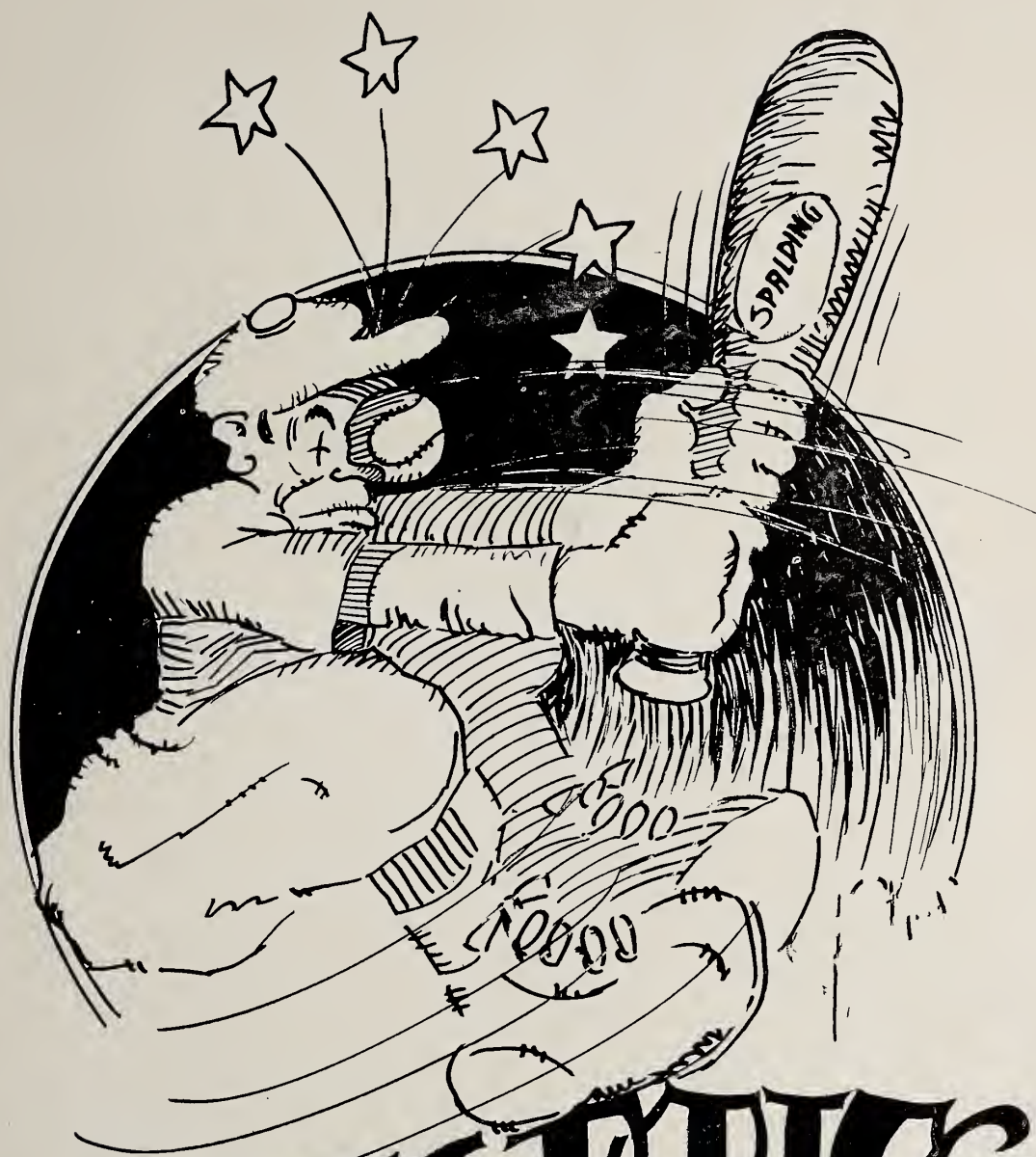
THE ANNUAL



“Attention”



“Forward”



ATHLETIC

THE ANNUAL

ATHLETICS

ALTHOUGH athletics is not as extensive in our High School as we like, we do not lack in spirit with that we have.

Enthusiasm began with the Basket Ball season. The Magee Hall was rented and furnished by the Athletic Association for the games. Teams were organized and equipped under the supervision of Mr. Shaw, who proved himself a very efficient coach for the boys. The first team was selected and real work began for the first game, scheduled October 19th with Portland. The night of the game—ten was the hour—the sad news spread by the telephone at "Pats" that—"we got beat."

It was a terrible blow, yet our confidence remained intact for we remembered the old proverb, "a bad beginning assured a good ending" so we were hopeful.

The next game was played at home and gave us "pep" and fighting blood for a regular game. Who with? Why, Union City of course. The Union City team brought a big delegation with it and the game was a most exciting one. When the whistle sounded for the last time there was a yell and a rush for the score. It was, disgustingly, a tie.

The following game was played with Ft. Wayne High School on our home floor. Ft. Wayne looked our team over and pronounced it "easy", but when the final score was announced they had to change their opinion of our fellows for we were winners.

Other games were played and so the Basket Ball season went on. Roger Beals our yell leader, was always there with the "noise stuff." The games never lagged for "Bealsie" "put the punch in 'em."

Although our boys didn't win all the games, they won something far more important, and that was a name of representing good, clean athletics.

In the second semester the boys of the High School organized a Y. M. C. A. The Magee Hall was to be again in use as headquarters for the new organization. With a new Y. M. C. A. line up for basket ball our boys contested the Muncie Y. M. C. A. team here. Both teams put forth a good game but we were victorious with a score of 32 to 27.

With the first warm days of spring, came the desire for base-ball in our High School but military training was willingly substituted. Francis Simpson, a student and former Corporal of Co. F, 152nd Infantry of Indiana was chosen to drill the boys. They have taken much interest in the drill practise and agree that it is the best athletics we have.



Our Football Team

CLASS OF '18



Francis Simpson. "Simp"
Basketball '17.

"Simp" played a fast game at guard and every one relied on his fighting ability.



Louis Mendenhall. "Louie"
Basketball '17.

"Louie", although it was his first year on the team, played like a veteran and was a sure point getter.

THE ANNUAL



Everett Coats. "Stork"

Basketball '16, '17.

"Stork" played "sub" center and has proved his skill in several games. He will be one of the strong men next year.



Donal Botkin. "Botkin"

Basketball '16, '17.

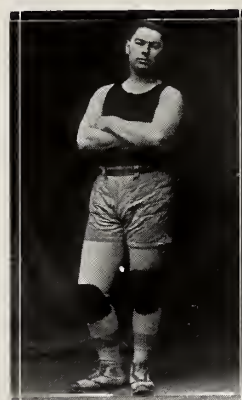
"Botkin" held down stationary guard and showed his ability in cutting down the opponents score in all games.

CLASS OF '18



Ralph Watson. "Sprat"
Basketball '15, '16, '17.

"Sprat" was captain of this year's team and was our big man at center. He displayed his coolness in every game and was our "crack" shot at the basket.



Harland Browne. "Toady"
Basketball '15, '16, '17.

"Toady" was our "heavy" forward and showed remarkable ability in covering the floor.

THE ANNUAL

Girls Athletics

THE girls of the High School being as much interested in Athletics as the boys, formed a Girls' Athletic Association and entered into the spirit of all sports.

The association elected no officers except a general manager, Miss Mary Shockley.

The girls favored Basket Ball and teams were organized in each of the classes. Captains were as follows:-

Seniors	Mary Shockley
Juniors	Rubey Oxley
Sophomores	Mary Elder
Freshmen	Mary Nicholas Chenoweth

The girls were given Wednesday night of each week for practice. They played two inter-class games, one between the Juniors and Freshmen, and the other between the Seniors and Sophomores. The Juniors and Seniors were the victors, but then, of course they had had more training than their opponents. The games were good ones—even the boys admitted that the girls played well.

The G. A. A. had charge of a motion picture show one evening and a "skate" after the Union City game for the purpose of securing funds, which were used for the purchase of a service flag in honor of our High School boys who have joined the colors. The girls took much pride in presenting the flag to the High School.



Future material for the mat.



THE ANNUAL

Lines of the Powder Puff.

The following essay contains the opinion of a skeptic on the most popular article of feminine beauty.

A powder-puff is the most deceptive, and the most alluring agent of artificial beauty, which is used by the "fair sex." It is a time-honored defense against wrinkles and poor complexions. It has a divine power to transform a homely girl into the most beautiful creature in the world, particularly when it is used so freely as to entirely submerge the physiogomy which Nature gave her.

It is a dangerous enemy to men as it deceives their eyesight. Often the happy man strolling with the fair damsel (and her powder puff) would be greatly chagrined, should a sudden shower destroy the artificial beauty of her face, which so allured him. It leads young men to leave home, causes middle-aged men divorces, and draws old men toward their graves.

In High School it is quite a common thing for the young girls to exchange powder puffs, and this is, and always will be a mystery to the masculine sex. When a young lady in school is observed to be powdering her face and manicuring her finger-nails, preparatory to going to class, I always expect her to apply pen and ink to her eyebrows.

It is indeed far from my thoughts to urge the discontinuation of all articles which serve to beautify the ladies, but on behalf of my sex. I will entreat them to use these feminine weapons moderately and to desist from their use in High School, and other public places.

James R. Parry.

Jiss Hanna—"Harland of, all the nitrates you know of, are they soluble or insoluble in water?"

Harland—"I think they are."

Herman Bosworth (after a most heart touching speech from Mr. Shaw on the evils of cigarettès)—"I'm going to quit smoking cigarettes."

Lucian Summers—"I wish you would—you never byu any."



A fellow on a vacation from college came.
Very renowned, and heaped with fame,
A fight, with another of unmentioned name
A broken nose, who was to blame?

Seven Knights of the Bar Room.

CLASS OF '18

Wouldn't People Stare if---

Agnes lost her "pep"?
 Mary Shockley discontinued the use of "slang"?
 John Smith ever studied?
 Clifford Hobbick graduated?
 Lester Ross had a date?
 Glenn Murray would grow?
 Winifred Draher couldn't sing?
 Edith Way fell in love with her seat mate?
 Kathleen Smith was an old-maid?
 Maurine Taylor lost her "cold cream" and powder puff"?
 Audrey Mosier didn't study?
 Alice Miller would fall in love with Eugene Brown?
 Cedric Briner would lose his voice?
 William Mendenhall wasn't bashful?
 Kathleen Cornell would stop talking?
 Lee Mendenhall couldn't look toward the east side of
 the Assembly?
 Mildred Mendenhall would talk loud?
 Roger Beals didn't have a case?
 Alice Wagner didn't giggle?
 Ruth Smith didn't ask questions?
 Ruth Williams wasn't in love?
 Robert Bailey didn't act like his older brother?
 Gertrude Bailey was on time?
 Doris Eiler ever agreed?
 Harold Macdaniels wouldn't smile?
 Ruth Boltz got "E" in deportment?
 Someone gave Lester a nickname?
 Mr. Puckett should organize a ulelele orchestra to play for
 Commencement?
 All the Seniors would make 100% on a History Test?
 The High School would have a perfect heating system?
 The Art Class would maintain absolute silence for one period?
 Mary Wysong and Paul Bailey would decide that "Absence Makes the Heart
 grow fonder"?
 The Freshmen were as dignified as the Seniors????????



"Going Up"

We think that about the best thing in the High School is the mail service between
 Mary W. and Paul B.

THE ANNUAL

Among My Books.

Grand Daddy Long Leggs.....	Ralph Watson
Pride and Prejudice.....	Alice Miller
The Fortune Hunter	Roger Beals
Sense and Sensibility.....	Georgia Clark
Innocence Abroad	Doris Eiler
The Light That Failed.....	Chick Hobbick
The Flirt.....	Lester Ross
The Silent Woman.....	Alpha Rickner
The Two Angels.....	Roger Beals and Pete Way
Far From Maddening Girls.....	Don Clevenger
Faerie Queen	Madeline Elder
Fairest of Rural Maids.....	Mary Wysong
The Winning Worker.....	Audrey Mosier
The Little Woman	Henrietta Kelch
A Pair of Blue Eyes.....	Annabelle Littleton
Laughing Man.....	John Smith
Vanity Fair.....	Eleanor Leavell
The Crisis.....	Examinations
The Wise Woman.....	Ruth Bales
The Little Lame Prince.....	Kenneth Bailey
Behind Closed Doors.....	Teacher's Meetings
Brownies' Latest Adventure.....	Gertrude Bailey
Silent Jim.....	Jim Bowman
Understood Betsey.....	Elizabeth Monks
The Rivals	Mary Wysong and Agnes Moore
The School for Scandal.....	W. H. S.
The Deserted Village.....	Winchester
The Heroes.....	Our Soldiers
The Gentle Boy.....	Eugene Brown
An April Fool Dol.....	Winifred Draher
Freckles.....	Pug Coats
Between Two Loves.....	Paul Bailey
The Big Fish.....	Kathleen Smith
False Modesty	Kathleen Cornell
Peck's Bad Boy.....	Ralph Nickerson
Butterfly Man	Glenn Murray
Bunch of Lemons.....	Junior Class 1919
Pigs is Pigs.....	Margaret Thornburg
He Loved Me but was Lured Away.....	Mary Wysong

CLASS OF '18

Her Weight in Gold.....	Mildred Mendenhall
Slow but Sure.....	Reva Roosa
Gone but Not Forgotten.....	Mac
Excuse Me!.....	Bob Ward
Ethleen's Mistake.....	Leland Howard
Divine Gift.....	Helen Addington
Kind Little Children.....	Our '22 Freshmen
Dialect.....	Esther Engle
Lead Kindly Light.....	Olive Surface
Lords of High Decision.....	The Faculty
The Heart of Fire.....	Ruth Williams
Once to Every Man.....	Mary Shockley
Young Farmer.....	Fred Miller
Young Musician.....	Mary Daly
Where Fools Rush In.....	The W. H. S. Entrance
What all the World's Wishing for	Peace
What is Sweeter than Honey.....	Our Freshies
Bad Little Hanna	censored
A Lady of Leisure.....	Gertrude Bailey
Patience and Hope.....	Kathleen Martin
Polly—A new Fashioned Girl.....	Pauline Albright
Clean Pete.....	Edith Way
The New Comer.....	Walter Fudge
The Music Master.....	Mr. Puckett
The Conscript.....	Mr. Peacock
Good Little Goose.....	June Payne
Beautiful Joe.....	Joe Pipher
The Greatest Thing Ever Known.....	Tina Holloway
Makers of New France	Our Boys in the Service
Our Bessie.....	censored
The Handy Boy.....	Russell Clevenger
A Happy Boy.....	Oliver Copeland
The Heart of a Soldier.....	Francis Simpson
Sweet Girl Graduate.....	Mary Ballard
The Man Who Laughs.....	Cedric Briner
The Greatest Year.....	1918
Warblers of North Amercia.....	Mr. Puckett's chorus
A Weaver of Dreams.....	Harland Brown
The Girl with Two Persons.....	Kathleen Cornell
The Spy.....	Esther Simon
A Girl of Today.....	Julia Kelleher
The True Aristocrat.....	Jack Wilson

THE ANNUAL

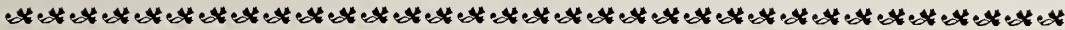
Reminiscences.

Who remembers the time when:
Ruby and Raymond were sweethearts?
Alice looked up to Eugene Gullett with such devout admiration?
Dewey Whiton and Baby Summers were the stars in Mr. Puckett's English Class?
Doris Eiler wore a red rosette on each side of her head?
Everyone was so wild about Lawrence Bragg's dimples?
Lester put on long trousers?
The Sophomores had a picnic at Richmond?
Ralph Watson made a recitation?
Bob Mosier and John Carter were the High School Artists?
Winifred Draher got her first case?
Squint Murray was a little boy?
Mr. Pritchard was so handy with the card system?
Reve Simmons and John Peacock got "canned" from school?
Don Kennon, Dutch Meier, Knabe Mendenhall and Joe Climer sang, "Who Built the Ark?"
Mr. Mills was our Latin teacher?
Mr. Puckett wrote a High School song and how beautifully the High School sang it?
Opie Chenoweth and Jewel had their first date?
Kathleen Smith played "Napoleon's Last Charge" for the High School to march downstairs?
We had gymnastics in the 8th grade to the time of "Too Much Mustard"—see Miss Moore for particulars?
Don McDougal and Vern Simmons led the tenors in the High School chorus?
Alice Miller wore bangs?
The '16 Juniors hung a flag on the schoolhouse and also introduced a new style of neckwear?
Alpha thought that someday the "R" would stand for something other than Rickner?
Sarah Miller made ambiguous statements in History 2?
Miss Hensley bobbed her hair?
There were two mice in the assembly room at the same time?
Kathleen Cornell used the pencil sharpener once too often?
The Senior girls wore their hair down?
Lester put his arm around Elizabeth?
Mary Shockley got 72 in deportment?

A. M. (in Commercial Geography Class)—"Say, where do the winds start?"

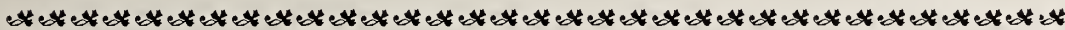
CLASS OF '18

You Must Depend Upon a Store's Reputation in These Days of Higher Cost



IN these times of daily fluctuations of prices, people must look about them for a RELIABLE store—one whose past reputation as well as present store policy is such that they can depend on. Our reputation dates back thirty-eight years to the time this store first opened its doors in Winchester. Throughout this entire period, serving our customers faithfully has been our uppermost endeavor. This means having such merchandise as they wanted, selling those goods under pleasant conditions, and most important of all, providing worth-while values every day of the year.

Owing to the extremely high prices of merchandise of all kinds, many merchants are offering inferior qualities in order to sell at lesser prices with a result that the purchaser gets comparatively little service for his money. "Not how cheap but how good for the money" has always been our policy and will continue to be.



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THE ANNUAL

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We are using this space to inform you that we are in THE MOTION PICTURE business in this city, and would appreciate a part of your patronage.

We have contracted with some of the greatest FILM CO's in existence, and you may look at some of the finest Plays at our Theatre.

We thank you for your past and future Patronage.

Tracy Brothers.

WAR NEWS

While Jake was firing Indiana coal the pupils of W. H. S. could very effectively have used gas masks.

Melvin Mills' feet greatly resemble the British Tanks.

A periscope could be used by Miss Hanna in seeing the clock so the bell in our class rooms could be rung on time.

The so called bayonnette practice used in our army could be used in aiding some of the Sophomore boys to get to the H. S. Building on time, in coming from the Manual Training class.

We have several boys in the High School who would make excellent Boom throwers

NOTICE—PUZZLES.

Who is Mary's little lamb?

Which shall it be Paul, "Light or Dark."

How many will graduate?

Who knows the most Chick or Ickey Mills?

One pupil in High School, what is it, a girl or a boy?

Who knows how many thrift stamps the Seniors have?

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a portion of your business.

Winchester - - Indiana

THE ANNUAL

Garden Tools
Garden Cultivators
Lawn Mowers
Lawn Grass Seed
Delta Hose

Magee Hardware Co.

Phone 86

North Side Square

Mr. Shaw—"Clifford, why are you late this morning?"

Clifford—"Why Mr. Shaw, I went to the dentist and he said that I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Mr. Shaw—"Did he recommend any special course of study?"

WE WONDER:

How Sanders got her chin skinned.
How Puckett got his eye blacked.
Why Hensley had the stiff neck.
Why Shaw is so cross this year.
Why Baker liked so much air.
Why Hanna never rings the bell on time.
Why we don't get a new furnace.
Why Puckett gets so peeved at the chorus.

J. K.—"Well, I'll be mad if there isn't anything in there about me."

H. K.—"I'm just crazy to see the jokes on me."

CLASS OF '18

The most useful Education is the one you get through efforts to make a living.

YOUR FIRST BIG CHANCE



to make money will be of no use to you if you are not ready to embrace it. It takes money to make money. The way to get it is to earn and save, the later being of equal importance, if not

greater than the former. Why not start getting ready for your first chance by opening a savings account here? It is the way of wisdom. Opportunity is not bothered with the sex question. It only asks: "Can you grasp and hold me?"

A stranger to a bank has a poor chance to get a loan.

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People's Loan & Trust Co.

Winchester - - - - - Indiana

THE ANNUAL

R. J. Litchert & Son

JEWELER
and
OPTICIAN

WINCHESTER, INDIANA

Henrietta K.—“How do you like your new Sealskin?”

Alice M.—“Oh, I am all wrapped up in it.”

Puckett in History class—“How did they advance in science about this time?”

Maurine T.—“Why e-r-r- they bisected the human body.”

Mary W.—“Paul where are we going on our honeymoon?”

Paul B.—“Around the World, darling they're going to have it at the Cozy for ten cents, without war tax.”

Although a girl won't let you kiss her, she generally appreciates your wanting to.

Every time Edith Way inserts an exclamation point into her conversation she gathers momentum for a fresh start.

Miss Sanders says—“Falling in love is painless; falling out again is what hurts.” You try it!

“What is vacuum?” asked Miss Hana of Louis Mendenhall in Physics class.

Louis—“I have it in my head, but can't think of it now.”

Katheleen M.—“You said this parrot had the gift of speech, and he does nothing but holler and shriek and say nothing.”

Dealer—“Yes I meant the gift of feminine speech, lady.”

City
Mill AND Elevator



Flour - Feed
Coal - Seeds



C. V. GRAFT

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BANK**

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A little later if not now you will want a cool suit for hot weather. Our silk or tropical worsted models are good examples of how style can be incorporated in these garments. Skeleton lined and so well tailored that they will retain their style.

Special attention and prices given to the young man who graduates.

Bates & Tailor Clothing Co.

NORTH SIDE SQUARE

Paul B—"Say did you know that scientists say that blonds will disappear in a few years?"

This gave the light haired girl an opportunity.

Agnes—"Well, if you want me, she said smartly, "You better speak up now."

"Oh, whew!—Cigarettes!"

Puckett—"Mary, have you a thought back there?"

THINGS WE NOTICE

Saunders—cute twist of the mouth.

Puckett—unruly hands

Baker—bewitching eyes

Hensley—odd walk

Shaw —noiseless rubber heels.

Hanna—uplifted head.

CLASS OF '18



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T. L. STAPLES, Pres. International Business College,
Ft. Wayne, Indiana

THE ANNUAL

As we all know the birds go south in the winter and north in the summer but with "Paul" it is different. He goes south in the summer and north in the winter (Moore) convenient we guess.

"Has your boy any eye for Music?"

Puckett—"I think he has, for hopelessness always o'erspreads his countenance when my wife sings."

Happy H.—"Pop, whats a bachelor."

Pop—"A bachelor, my son is a shining example of what good luck can do for a man."

Shaw—"How many times have you been canned from class."

James B.—"Why there's no body offering a prize is there."

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FANCY LINGERIE

and delicate

SHIRT WAISTS

are washed in mesh nets to
protect them from injury at the

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You are always welcome to our studio.

Our motto is

"The Best is None too Good for You."

CALL TO-DAY

Doc—"Everret, you've got consumption."

Everret C.—"What kind of consumption, Doc."

Doc—"Consumption of too many cigarettes."

Mary S.—"How can you tell the head of a match in the dark?"

Chick H.—"It's always the end you can't strike."

Pete—"I just can't help being suspicious of Sweeney. Every time he writes me he swears to be eternally true and pinning away with love."

Mary S.—"I don't see anything suspicious about that."

Pete—"Oh it is'nt that but he always adds the Post Scrip 'Burn this Letter.'"

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J. A. LONG

WHOLESALE PRODUCE

Butter	Poultry
Eggs	Junk

FRESH AND HOME CURED MEATS

DELLA RICKNER, Mgr.

Phone 330

THE ANNUAL

Puckett—"I suppose you all know that there is a revolution of the world every day."

Chick H.—"Hah! Mexico has got that beat sick."

Harold McDaniels was working on the water wagon when accosted by a friend,—"what is your hurry."

Mac.—"Be golly it is going to rain and I want to get my work done before it comes."

Barefaced Senior—"Yes I'm trying to raise a mustache and I'm wondering what color it will be when it comes out."

Miss Sanders—"Gray I suppose at the rate it is growing."

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Produces
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Lawn**

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to

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our

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THE ANNUAL

"You are the apple of my eye," asserts the fond lover.

Gertude B—"How inconsistent you are, only yesterday I was a peach."

Jay L. (gazing at the stars and seeing many shooting stars)—"Say Rutr do you suppose it's the Fourth of July in Heaven."

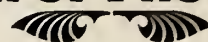
Stork (sadly)—"There's many a good thing lost by not asking for it."

Ruby—"Thanks Stork it will soon be leap year."

Louis (kneeling)—"Darling, hear my prayer."

Mabel B.—"Y-y-e-s, pray for all your worth Louis, I hear papa coming."

Call or Phone us



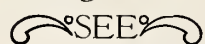
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Glen going in to a drug store stated his need—"I want a man's comb."

Clerk—"Do you want a narrow man's comb."

Glen—"No, what I want is a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Mac—"Nora will you be my wife?"

Nora—"Can you support a wife?"

Mac—"I don't know, that's what I want to find out."

Even the gentle rain from Heaven plays pool in the streets beneath.

The way a Miss can fool a Mister is a mystery. (Take warning Botkin)

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THE ANNUAL

Lester R.—“I met a man the other day with many Histories.”

Pete Way—“How interesting! Tell me all about him.”

Lester—“Well, he was a book seller.”

She—“You say there is a place for everything.”

“Y-e-s,” said Happy, bored.

“Then why don't you go home?”

Miss Hanna in Physics class—“There is an illustration of an eighty horse power motor.”

Happy H.—“Horse power I'd think they'd call it bird power.”

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Kleens

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We Appreciate Your Patronage.

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The Nyal Store**

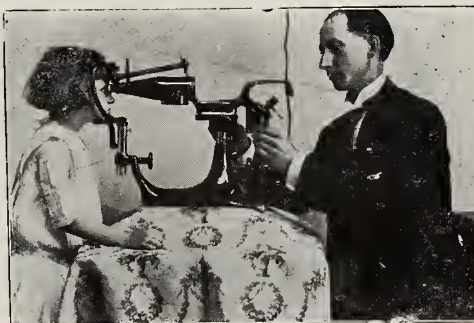
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"dull scholar" is
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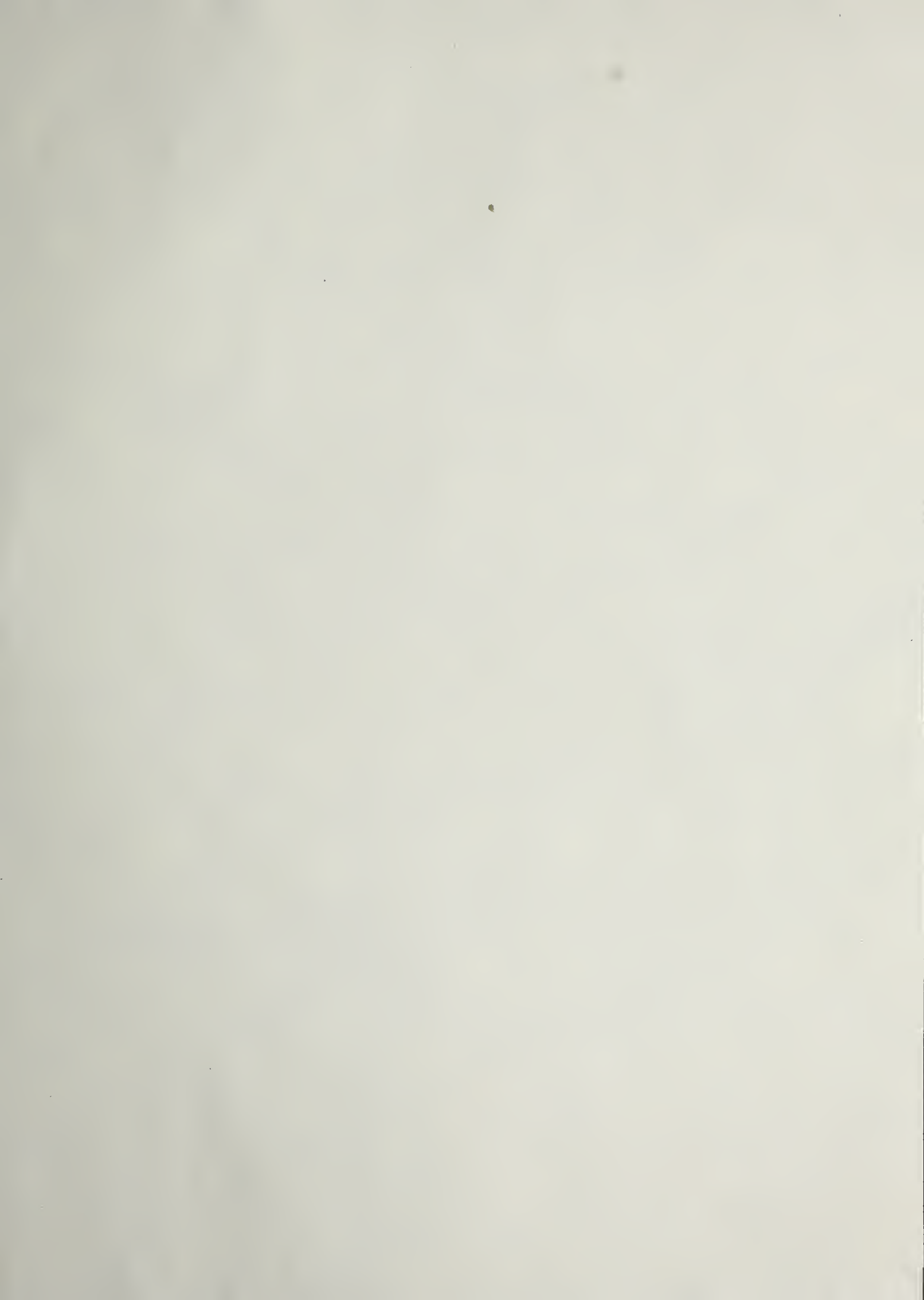
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